



Pennywise the Dancing Sewer Rat

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Pennywise the Dancing Sewer Rat by isoldembd

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Summary:

A small boy named Michael has no time for Pennywise's shit. Pennywise gets what's coming to him.

Pennywise the Dancing Sewer Rat

No one knew this, but before the whole big drama caused by the Losers' Club or whatever they were called, there was a small drama caused by a small brown boy that didn't have time for the bullshit.

Everyone pretty much knows that Derry is a very haunted, possessed, cursed, fucked up town. And pretty much everyone knows that some disgusting creature makes it that living hell, but no one wants to fucking admit it....that's adults for you I guess.

Anyway, so before the summer of 1986 when the Losers' Club took up arms against that devilish thing that chooses to spend its time dwelling in the sewers like a rat, there had been an isolated incident of that small brown boy not giving a FUCK.

It was that same summer of 1986, around the end of May, when the end of school was hanging in the air like the oncoming humidity of the summer. On a quiet Tuesday evening, around 6:45, this small brown boy, called Michael, was lost in his own dazzling, fantastical world filled with anyone's wildest wants or wishes. He was racing down Main street as any excitable child is want to do when their only friends are the ones in their head.

"Well, Peter, I can't possibly go to Neverland, I have to go to school and I have a turtle named Albert that I can't just abandon. Surely you understand."

Michael was wearing a small hat, that looked more like a small boat, made out of notebook paper from his math notes. He despised math so it didn't bother him that he could potentially miss out on one day of notes if he ever needed to use every single page in his 300 page notebook. He was very smart for a 10 year old, so he seriously doubted he would ever have a need to use all 300 pages, especially for math.

Michael was wearing his paper boat-hat with pride, skipping down the road, just trying to convince ever-faithful Peter Pan that education must come first, and that he can go to Neverland during the summer, when school is on break. Michael is every responsible for a 10 year old.

Michael didn't mind spending his time alone with his made-up friends, in fact he preferred it. Everyone in his grade was absurd and totally annoying. One time, Tracee Thorneblat, a fellow fifth grader that so happens to have a big fat, throbbing crush on Michael, tried to impress him by hacking up a big 'ole wapping loogie, spitting it in a Kleenex, and passing it to Michael. It was accompanied with a little note, like when you get a bouquet of roses delivered to your door. Except, this was not a bouquet of red roses, this was mucus in a napkin. The note read

'Dear Michael, I think you're soooooooooo cute. Have a piece of me :)' Michael almost vomited when he looked in the tissue, gagging so hard he had to take a moment to catch his breath. He's never glared at someone so hard before in his life, he thought his eyes were going to be permanently squinted. That's what his mom told him, at least.

Tracee wasn't so bad compared to the gang of sixth grade bullies that wet their pants over picking on people smaller than them, like that fat kid Ben. Well, he wasn't really smaller, just younger. Just glancing at those dumb bullies made Michael feel like he was losing brain cells.

So, basically, Michael was more than okay with not having friends in his grade. He was ten, sure, but he was mature for his age. His mother certainly thought so.

So, as sweet, sweet Michael was skipping down Main street on this clear Tuesday evening by himself, a faint giggle whistled through the warm wind. A giggle that should seem fun and inviting, but instead seemed vaguely uncomfortable, like when you're eating ice cream and your teeth get too cold. Michael didn't hear it at first because now he was getting heated with Peter, he just couldn't seem to understand that "No! I don't want to go to Neverland with you Peter! This is why Wendy grew up and left you...you're real annoying."

Michael eventually decided to abandon Peter as his beloved Wendy had also done once upon a time, and stopped skipping, because now he was steaming. Why is Peter Pan so freaking annoying? All he does is nag. Does he not get enough attention or something? Geez...

Michael was now simply walking down Main Street, when again, that same vaguely uncomfortable giggle skid across the air. This time

Michael heard it, and let's just say, he was less than amused.

"Who's there? If you're going to try and beat me up or something, I take karate and I'll give it to you real good. Don't mess with me! I'm not in the mood!"

His mother had said that last line plenty of times, especially when Michael came home covered in dirt half past his curfew. He couldn't help it, he loved the outdoors.

At the end of the wide street, standing perfectly and completely still, was a clown. This clown was very tall and was holding just one transparent red balloon. Michael was not every fond of clowns. They reminded him of his father, and he was not very fond of his father.

"Hi, Michael!" This clown said in a sugary sweet voice that would certainly make any three year old giggle and hick like a drunk after a long drinking bender.

Michael was really not feeling this dude. As he walked up on this very tall clown, with a very tall forehead and very crooked, yellow teeth he said as flatly as a ten year old could manage, "Who are you?" He cocked his little eyebrow in a display of pure agitation.

"Why, I'm Pennywise the Dancing Clown! Would you like a balloon, Michael? You're out here all by yourself after all!" Pennywise the Dancing Creep extended his long arm and deepened his grin in such a way that made Michael know he wanted to kick this guy in the nuts and take off.

Michael squinted and looked Pennywise up and down in a very adult-like manner. "No, thanks. I don't take gifts from people I don't know."

Michael and Pennywise the Dancing Idiot were standing about twelve feet apart, a relatively safe distance. Pennywise took it upon himself to take a step forward, hand still extended, grin still slimy as ever.

"You don't like balloons?" Pennywise faked a disappointed voice, the kind of fake concern that made you grit your teeth and think 'does this guy think I'm an idiot?'

Michael was getting pissed, now. Who the fuck does this guy think he is? This balding creep is just walking around at 7 o'clock at night,

handing ugly balloons out to little kids? Where are the police?

Michael, portraying the stalest look he can possibly come up with says in a very stern 'don't fuck with me' manner, "Look. I don't like you. Now get the fuck out my way before I call the cops and tell them some crusty clown tried to molest me." Michael didn't curse a lot, but his mom wasn't around so it's not like it mattered. This guy totally deserved to be cursed at by a fifth grader, anyway.

This is when Pennywise the Stupid Fuck started to get mad. Michael could tell because he let the red balloon fly up into the night sky, and his eyes suddenly turned a menacing orange color, like a burning fire. Pennywise proceeded to take another step forward with his hideous boots that had jingly red pom-poms on the toe. How could anyone be scary when they have a cotton ball stuck onto their shoe? What a freak....

"Come float with me, Michael. It's fun when you float." Pennywise put on another grin, but this time it was a cocky grin, just like the ones the sixth grade bullies put on right after they throw some unsuspecting eight year old in a trash can. It was a dirty grin. A grin that said 'I'm bigger and badder than you and you will never escape. Don't even try it, kid.'

Michael could tolerate a lot of things; his brother eating the last piece of his birthday cake, his mom forgetting to pick him up after baseball practice, his teacher calling him out in front of the whole class because he wasn't paying attention.

But one thing Michael could not tolerate, was bullies.

Bigger people preying on the weak and innocent. People being so insecure about themselves that they have to resort to picking on the little guy just because they can.

Oh, this was the moment Michael fucking snapped. He saw this everyday going to school, at school, going home from school. Those stupid, powerless, greasy fucks, attacking people smarter than them, nicer than them, people like Michael. Small people that can't defend themselves. Michael couldn't tolerate it anymore. This was the last straw. He had to show these bullies that they are scum.

Fuck this guy.

Michael mustered up all of the hatred for these assholes he's been letting brew since the second grade. He put his shoulders back, put on his nastiest, most menacing murderface, took a step forward, and practically screamed, "YOU THINK IT'S OK TO WALK AROUND LIKE YOU OWN SOMETHING? LIKE YOU KNOW BETTER THAN ME? YOU'RE A FUCKING BULLY AND I HATE BULLIES. ALL YOU ARE IS A COWARD, A WEAK, FICKLE, SAD, SAD, COWARD. LOOK AT YOU. YOU SMELL LIKE THE SHIT YOU PROBABLY EAT."

This took Pennywise by complete surprise, he'd never seen such a small child stand up to him like this. He had been preying on these townspeople for millennia, and never once has anyone showed anything but fear towards him.

Michael was getting excited now, he could see that this ugly fucker was taken aback by his anger, and he wasn't stopping yet. His put his bone-y, brown finger in the air between him and this idiot and powered on.

"I MEAN LOOK AT YOU. DID YOU LOSE YOUR HAIR IN THE WAR? WHY'S YOUR HEAD HALF YOUR HEIGHT? I'M NOT GUNNA TAKE YOU SERIOUSLY IF YOU'RE WALKING UP ON ME JINGLING LIKE A FREAKING SLEYBELL. HOW OLD ARE YOU, ANYWAYS? LIKE A MILLION? ARE YOU OK? LOOK AT THOSE LINES ON YOUR FOREHEAD. YOU LOOK MORE STRESSED OUT THAN MY MOM AND SHE WORKS THREE JOBS AND HAS TWO BOYS. AND WHO DID YOUR MAKEUP? WHY ARE YOU FLAKING OFF LIKE YOU GOT ECZEMA OR SOMETHING? PENNYWISE THE DANCING CLOWN? MORE LIKE PENNYWISE THE SAD OLD MAN THAT TURNED TO ALCOHOL BECAUSE HIS WIFE LEFT HIM FOR THE MAILMAN."

Michael just looked at him, hoping he would try and say something back.

After a solid ten seconds of this idiot looking completely stunned, Michael just walked away.

What kind of creep thinks clowns are cute anyways?

There had not been a child reported missing that night.

END.